

No. 3.

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THE GLOBE DRAMA

ALL THE WORLD'S
A STAGE

CLASS DAY.

BY FRANCIS A. HARRIS.

BOSTON:
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41-45 Franklin Street.

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CLASS DAY.

A Farce in One Act.

BY

FRANCIS A. HARRIS.

AS ORIGINALLY PLAYED BY THE PI ETA SOCIETY OF HARVARD
COLLEGE; WITH STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

BOSTON:

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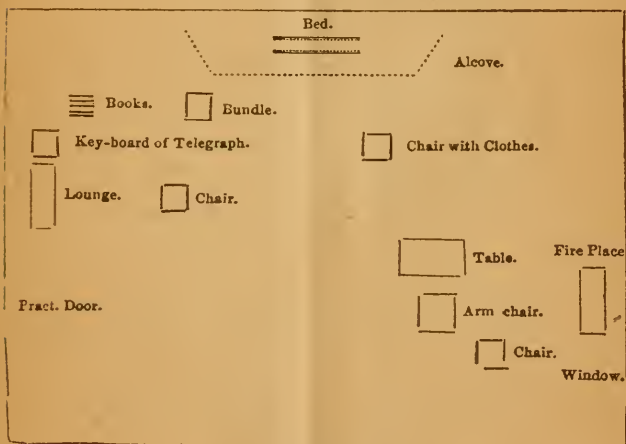
1877.

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CLASS-DAY.

Scene takes place in the room of an undergraduate at Harvard College. Folding doors at back are opened so as to show an alcove, in which is seen a small bed, in which FRANK is discovered at rise of curtain. Heavy curtains are looped at either side so as to let fall and conceal the bed. Furniture of good quality. On the walls are pictures, a pair of oars crossed, boxing gloves; signs, such as "Wm. Sweet & Co." &c., &c. It is a box scene with window at *L. F.* Fire-place at *L.* centre of side; at *R.* of alcove, a book-case or shelf; at *R.* corner, back, a small telegraph key-board. In centre of room, a little to *L.*, table. Easy chairs and common chairs here and there. There is only one entrance, by practical door *R. F.* On one of the chairs is a dress suit, (this chair is not far from alcove). A bundle of clothes lies on floor near book-case.

PLOT OF SCENE.



PROPERTIES.

Fish-pole and Line, Shaggy Mat, Tongs, Bundle of Clothes Key-board, Books, Pipes, Bed-clothes, Batons for Marshals Suit of Clothes (dress), Signs, Knick-Knacks.

CHARACTERS.

HON. JOHN BUNCOMBE.

FRANK BUNCOMBE, }

NED TAYLOR, *Students.*

—→ HOWARD, }

LOTTIE TAYLOR.

OLIVE TAYLOR.

MRS. TAYLOR.

Costumes, modern and appropriate.

CLASS-DAY.

A FARCE.

At rise of curtain, FRANK is discovered asleep in bed, snoring. He is dressed, except coat, but the whole is covered by a pajamah or long dressing-gown, and trousers rolled up, so that he has the appearance of not being dressed. Stockings on, no shoes. These are on the floor of room. Knock at door. FRANK snores. Knock louder.

FRANK (*in his sleep*). I pass. (*Knock still louder.*)

FRANK (*turns over in bed*). Euchred again. I've got both bowers.

Enter NED TAYLOR in full dress, with baton. Looks around. Discovers FRANK in bed.

NED. Well, by Jove!! Here it is nine o'clock on class-day morning, and the Chief Marshal snoring away in bed, as if he'd only got recitations to attend to. (*going to bed, and shaking FRANK*). I say! Frank! Wake up, wake up! Upon my soul he couldn't sleep sounder if he was listening to one of those burlesques, he is forever trying to write (*shaking him again*). Now, then, wake up!!

FRANK (*sits up in bed, confused*). Eh? No. No more punch. Whose deal is it? (*Conscious.*) Hulloa, NED, wharz ze row? Been dreaming. Whaz ze matter? eh?

NED. Matter? Matter enough. The class is all assembled down by University Hall, ready to start, and you, the Chief Marshal, not even out of bed (*crosses back into room*).

FRANK (*jumps out of bed, and comes out*). Great Scott! You don't say so! What ever shall I do? That infernal punch and euchre in your room till two this morning quite did the business for me. Won't the men wait? They must wait. Run down. Tell 'em I've met with an accident,—anything to keep them.

NED. But we shall be awfully late. How much time do you want to dress in?

FRANK. Oh, fifteen minutes, ten minutes, two minutes, any thing!

NED. Well, I'll try. Come to think of it, I want to run down to the square myself, and see if my sister and a friend of hers have come, and send them up to my room.

FRANK. Then call for me when you come back. It won't be any trouble, for your room is just across the entry.

NED. Oh, I shan't come up with them. But I'll give you just fifteen minutes; and then, if you're not there, I'll take the lead, and off we go.

FRANK. All right. I'll be there, sure.

NED. Well, see that you are. Now flax round. (*Exit.*)

FRANK (*stretching and yawning*). This is what one might call pleasant,—this is. Fifteen minutes to arrange my toilette, which I wish to be especially stunning to-day,—the most important day of my life. Hold on, I might be married sometime. That's what they call the most important day in a man's life. (*Looks for brushes.*) Pshaw, that's all nonsense! A man may be married half a dozen times, if his courage holds out; but class-day,—ah, that comes only once in a lifetime. Why, I wouldn't miss the glory of being Chief Marshal to-day for half the world! Where are those brushes? Oh, here they are! (*Brushes clothes.*) Speaking of marrying, I mean to settle matters with Lottie to-day. Never so good a time to pop the question. Lobster salad, ice-cream,—just the sort of thing to make a girl say Yes, or look it. But then Lottie is so awfully proper. She never gives me a chance. She always keeps me at arm's length, and such an arm's length! She's as shy as a gazelle. Gazelle? Yes, that's the bird, I believe. It's some sort of a deer. Ha, ha! so is Lottie,—put that in my next burlesque. Let's see, what is it Moore says?—"I never nursed a dear gazelle, but what it fell upon the buttered side." There, that'll do! (*Throws down brush.*) I must have a cigarette, class or no class. (*Rolls one. Lights it, and smokes during speech.*) Yes, I'll pop the question to-day. Speaking of pop, there's dad, the Honorable John, he'll be here to-day. Wonder how his investigating committee in Congress will get on without him. Good job they don't have investigating committees for students. Thanks to base-ball and theatricals. I couldn't make much of a showing on the rank list; but the Hon. John goes in for show, he does; and when he sees me at the head of the class,

with this baton, it'll be worth one year in Europe anyhow. Oh, yes, he'll shell out then, though he keeps me awfully short here. Folks speak of him as a "perfect walking bank;" by George, he is—a savings bank. Hope he'll know enough not to wear that everlasting dress-coat of his. That's our sole privilege to-day. (*Throws down cigarette.*) Well, this won't do. Where are my stockings? Coat, vest, trowsers, collar, necktie,—every thing but stockings. Just my luck, every thing packed up, and sent home, and so I can't get another pair. *Whose* got my *hose*?—put that in my next burlesque. Never mind, I'll go without 'em. (*Puts on boots, and discovers stockings on feet.*) Why, here they are! Confound that punch! Must have gone to bed with them on. Hulloo, there's that bundle for the poco. Blessed institution, these dealers in old clothes! If a man gets a bad habit here, he can sell it to the poco—put that in my next burlesque, improvement on the old legal joke about new suits. Well, now, for a wash. (*Goes into alcove, drops curtains. Enter LOTTIE and OLIVE.*)

OLIVE. Are you sure this is the room?

LOTTIE. Sure? Of course. Didn't Ned say two flights, front room?

OLIVE. But you know there's another just across the entry.

LOTTIE (*taking up book, looks at fly-leaf*). There, read that, "E. Taylor." You don't suppose in college a man's books would be anywhere but in his own room?

OLIVE. No, I suppose not. How disorderly the room is! Just see. Here's a whole suit of clothes. I declare, I'm quite uneasy.

LOTTIE. Now don't be fussy, Olive. I'm sure I don't think there's any thing very alarming about a suit of clothes—without a man in them—and they aren't half so interesting.

OLIVE. Well, I must say that the clothes seem to be the chief part of the young men I've met.

FRANK (*about to come out, sees girls*). O, Lord! (*Dodges back.*)

LOTTIE. Well, my dear, dress and address win the most in this world,—at least, that's what Mr. Buncombe says. (*FRANK puts his head out between curtains.*)

OLIVE. I suppose I shall see Mr. Buncombe to-day, shan't I?

LOTTIE. Yes, if you look around.

FRANK (*dodging back, aside*). No, you won't.

OLIVE. How long are we to wait here? (FRANK'S *head out*.)

LOTTIE. Oh, an hour or so, I think.

FRANK (*aside*). This is a nice situation. Two females, one of them Lottie; of all the unlucky chances! Going to stay an hour. How can I get my clothes?

OLIVE. Is this Mr. Buncombe nice?

LOTTIE. Um, ah, well, he dances nicely; but he's such a muff.

FRANK (*aside*). Well, a muff can't be a *boa*, that's one consolation, — put that in my next burlesque.

OLIVE. What do you mean by a muff, Lottie?

LOTTIE. Why, why, you know, something very soft; only squeezes your hands, and says nothing!

FRANK (*aside*). This is becoming interesting.

OLIVE. Then you mean that Mr. Buncombe squeezes your hands, and says nothing.

LOTTIE. Oh, dear, no! How you misunderstand me! I mean the muff says nothing. If Mr. Buncombe squeezed my hands, it would be saying something.

OLIVE. I should think so.

LOTTIE. I've given him lots of chances, but he never does.

FRANK (*aside*). By Jove, young woman, the next time I have a chance, my hand shall be a whole Webster's unabridged!

OLIVE (*goes to table, takes up some poker chips*). Oh, see these red and white buttons! Why, they haven't any eyes! What are they for?

LOTTIE. Oh, those are counters for some game at cards, coalhod, or shovel, I think is —

OLIVE. What a queer name for a game!

LOTTIE. No, I remember. It's poker. I knew it was something to do with a fire-place. Ned tried to teach me once, but I couldn't learn. You have to be blind every little while.

OLIVE. Perhaps that's why the buttons don't have any eyes.

LOTTIE. Perhaps it is. I think they call it bluff, too.

OLIVE. Yes, Blind man's bluff, isn't it? But see there (*pointing*). What does Ned have these signs up here for?

LOTTIE. I don't know. When he was conditioned in mathematics, he always used to be talking about sines and cosines. Perhaps that's one of 'em.

OLIVE. "Wm. Sweet & Co." That's a co. sign, surely.
(FRANK *tries to steal out, and get clothes.*)

LOTTIE. I guess so (*turning*. FRANK *goes back*. LOTTIE *goes to keyboard*). O Olive! here's the telegraph. Do you know, they have a regular company here; and the wires go all over the college to the different men's rooms. Ned told me all about it. He taught me how to telegraph, too. With a pencil, we could talk in a whole room full, and no one could know what we were saying.

OLIVE. Wouldn't it be fun to telegraph to some one?

LOTTIE. Wouldn't it, though?

FRANK (*aside*). Now's my chance (*lying on stomach, tries to reach clothes with tongs*).

LOTTIE (*runs to table, and puts down fan and gloves*). Let's see, to whom shall we telegraph? (*Crosses back.*) Oh, here's the list! (*Reads.*) Benedict, Norton, Howard—Howard, I know him. He's a splendid fellow. He's just too sweet to live!—a perfect gentleman. We'll send to Howard.

FRANK (*aside*). These infernal tongs won't reach.

OLIVE. What message shall we send?

LOTTIE. Oh, ask him to come over here! Won't he be surprised, when he finds us here instead of Ned? Seems as if he were here now.

FRANK (*aside, a la Hamlet*). "Seems, madam? nay, is!"

OLIVE. Well, go on.

LOTTIE (*looks at list*). His call-number is nine. Now. (*Telegraphs. They wait. Machine sounds.*) Yes, he's there. Now then, c-o-m-e (*telegraphing*) o-v-e-r h-e-r-e. Sign, N-e-d.

OLIVE. Isn't it jolly?

LOTTIE. Hark, here comes the answer! (*Key sounds. Lottie reads by ear.*) G-o go t-o to t-h-e D-e-v—Oh, the horrid thing!

OLIVE. What a queer message! "Go to the D-e-v. Oh, the horrid thing!"

LOTTIE (*comes forward*). Olive, Mr. Howard has con-signed me to the region of linen dusters and fans. He told me to go to the devil. He's no gentleman!!

OLIVE. Who? the devil?

LOTTIE. Now, Olive, I am shocked! It was bad enough in Howard; but for you to say who, the devil—

OLIVE. I never said any such thing.

LOTTIE. Oh, you fib, you just said it!

OLIVE (*angry*). Charlotte Taylor!!!

LOTTIE. Olive Hale! You did. (*FRANK appears at top of curtains, with pole and line, with which he tries to hook his clothes during dialogue.*)

LOTTIE (*conciliating*). Perhaps you didn't mean to say it.

OLIVE (*firmly*). Charlotte, I did not say it!!

LOTTIE. Oh, you did! you did! did! did! did!

FRANK (*aside*). Go it, my dears.

OLIVE. You're a mean thing, there (*flounces into chair, front*).

LOTTIE. Now, Olive, don't let's fall out to-day.

FRANK (*aside*). I only wish they would fall out,—out of the window. (*Music heard outside.*) Oh, dear, they are starting! What shall I do? (*Fishes desperately.*)

OLIVE. 'Twas as much your fault as mine.

LOTTIE. No, it wasn't. It was that Mr. Howard. There, let's make up. (*They kiss. Frank sneezes. Pole up against ceiling.*)

OLIVE. What was that? Didn't you hear a noise? (*Walks nervously. Hook catches in dress as she starts. Feels pull.*) Did you pull me?

LOTTIE (*nervous*). How absurd! No.

OLIVE (*starting again*). Something did. I do believe the room is haunted.

LOTTIE (*laughs hysterically*). Don't talk about it! You make me nervous. (*Double knock at door; both scream.*) Oh, it is spirits! Let's run! (*OLIVE drags pole and line after her.*)

OLIVE. Oh, it's got me!—it's got me! (*Both scream, and run to arm-chair, where they bury their heads. Enter LEVY, the POCO.*)

LEVY. Vell, vell, vot ish der matters? My grazious, vas dot so? Young voomans, young voomans.

LOTTIE. Go away, go away. Go back to Mrs. Hardy. We don't want any spirits here.

LEVY, POCO. Vell, but I ton't know Mishus Hardy, und I ton't got no shperits. I dares to do right. I only got cigars.

OLIVE (*looks up*). Why, it's only a man!

LEVY. Mine gracious! You didn't tink I vas a voomans, tid you?

LOTTIE (*rising, then marching boldly up to him*). What do you want?

OLIVE (*follows, — screams*). Oh, it's got me again!

LOTTIE (*looking*). Ha! ha! ha! Why, you've caught your dress on Ned's trout line! (*Releases her.*)

LEVY, (*aside*). Yesh, dot Ned did always got some pooty gal on the shtring. (*Aloud.*) Vell, young voomans, I yust come up here to get Mr. Buncombe's clothes. He told me to come to-day.

LOTTIE. I don't know any thing about his clothes (*reflecting*). They wouldn't be in Ned's room, any way.

OLIVE (*pointing to dress-suit*). Aren't those the ones?

LOTTIE. Why, perhaps they are! Here, take them (*giving clothes to LEVY*). FRANK *looks on, horror struck*). Now go away!

LEVY. All right, my tears. (*FRANK wildly signals to LEVY, who sees him, but takes no notice.*)

LEVY. Yesh, I vill go right along. (*Exit, puts head back into room.*) You tells Mr. Buncombe dot I calls again to-morrow. (*Exit, with clothes.*)

LOTTIE. What did he mean? Call again to-morrow? I thought he was Mr. Buncombe's servant.

OLIVE. I believe he was a confidence man. I wish we hadn't let him have the clothes.

FRANK (*aside*). Great Scott! I can't stand this. (*Coughs.*)

OLIVE. There, did you hear that?

LOTTIE. That's only Ned's dog. (*Calls.*) Keno! Keno!

OLIVE. Don't! Don't! I'm afraid of dogs.

FRANK (*aside*). I have it. (*Retires, and barks.*)

LOTTIE. Here, Keno, good dog!

OLIVE. Oh, Lottie, let's go!

FRANK (*continues to growl and bark. Girls start to door. FRANK crawls out on all fours, wrapped in spread and shaggy mat, growling. Girls scream, and exeunt hurriedly. FRANK stands up. Class song outside. He listens, then sinks in a chair in despair*). They are gone. The fiends, — I mean the angels, — are gone. So is the class. (*Starting up, tragically.*) "Horror on horror's head accumulate"!! What can I do? I can't go to the church in this costume. It's original, — in fact, I may say aboriginal. Imagine my going in there like Metamora, — "You have sent for me, and I have come. If you do not want me, I will return." Strikes me I should return — at a decidedly accelerated pace. "Stand not upon the order of my going, but go at

once." Well, I must have something. I can't stay here any longer in this blanket,—this wet blanket on my happiness. (*Opens bundle.*) I'll put on these old things. These trowsers aren't so bad. I'll be in time for the poem, anyhow. (FRANK *is back to door.* Enter MRS. TAYLOR, *without knocking.*)

MRS. TAYLOR. Am I intruding?

FRANK (*wildly*). By Heavens, ma'am, you are! Stand back! Come not near me! I will dress, or die!

MRS. TAYLOR. Why, Mr. Buncombe!

FRANK (*recognizing*). O Mrs. Taylor! pray excuse me, but I am nearly wild! Your daughter came here before I was dressed.

MRS. TAYLOR. Mr. Buncombe!!!

FRANK (*earnestly*). Upon my soul, ma'am, she did come before I was dressed,—she, and another young lady; and they gave my dress-suit to an old clothes-dealer, and went away, leaving me in despair,—and a blanket. The class has gone into church without me.

MRS. TAYLOR. Poor fellow! what are you going to do? (*seating herself comfortably.*)

FRANK (*taking stage, aside*). Well, that is the coolest I have seen for some time. (*Aloud, going up to her.*) Are you familiar with the theatre, madam? If so, you will remember the quotation,—Imagine me in "Box." (*Aside.*) Strikes me I've been in box for some time (*aloud*) and you in Bouncer. (*Aside.*) Gad, how I'd like to bounce her! (*Aloud*) You remember, "Far be it from me to accelerate your movements, madam; but the fact is, I'm going to put on my trowsers."

MRS. TAYLOR. That's a very good idea, Mr. Buncombe. Put them on, by all means.

FRANK (*aside*). They say, misery loves company; but I'll be hanged if it does. (*Aloud.*) But, madam—

MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, don't change your mind! I assure you, you will look much better in modern costume.

FRANK (*excited*). Do you imagine, madam—

MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, no, I don't imagine, I know it! There, run along, you foolish boy. (*fanning herself*) It's very warm.

FRANK. Warm? It's red hot. Do you mean to say that you are going to stay here, while I complete my trowsers,—I mean my toilette?

MRS. TAYLOR. Well, yes, if the operation is not too pro-

tracted. I suppose the spreads won't be ready for an hour yet?

FRANK (*aside*). At noon the old gal's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of grub. (*Aloud.*) No, ma'am, the caterer's spreads won't be on for an hour; but *this* spread'll be off in less than a minute.

MRS. TAYLOR. There, run along, do. I won't let any one disturb you.

FRANK (*grabs clothes savagely, and exits into alcove*).

MRS. TAYLOR. Ha! ha! to think of the girls coming here, and making way with his clothes. Lottie is always up to some mischief; but this was too imprudent. I must talk to her seriously (*fanning*). Ah, me! how class-day carries me back (FRANK *comes in for brush. Takes it*) to the time when I was young.

FRANK (*aside*). I wish it would keep her there. (*Exit in alcove.*)

MRS. TAYLOR. Mr. Taylor, poor man! proposed to me on class day, and Mr. Buncombe, the day after—too late! I might have been now the wife of the Honorable John Buncombe. Ah, me! Now, he's a stiff and dignified widower, and I in weeds these four years. Buncombe will be here to-day, I suppose. I wonder if Washington life and congressional cares have changed him much. (*Knock.*) Come in!

(*Enter HON. JOHN BUNCOMBE; black dress-coat and trousers, white vest and white hat.*)

HON. JOHN (*dignified*). Ah, good-morning, madam,—good-morning. Why, it is—I am not mistaken—Mrs. Taylor?

MRS. TAYLOR. No, Mr. Buncombe. It is I. Somewhat changed, am I not?

HON. JOHN. Well, ahem, madam, time has not passed over either of our heads without leaving traces of his footsteps; but you are looking uncommonly well, ma'am,—uncommonly well. (*Aside.*) She is indeed in a wonderful state of preservation.

MRS. TAYLOR. And you, I see, have the same elastic step and firm carriage as in former years. (*Aside.*) He has not moulted as much as I should have thought he would.

HON. JOHN (*aside*). Prodigious! fine woman!—prodigiously fine! Somehow or other I never could get over my liking for her, in spite of her marrying another man.

(*Aloud.*) Charlotte — I should say Mrs. Taylor — beg pardon! associations of the day carry me back.

MRS. TAYLOR. Don't apologize. I like it better, John — I mean Mr. Bunc — What a pair of old fools we are! Stammering as though it was our class day. (*Aside.*) He is a noble looking man!

HON. JOHN (*aside*). I wonder, now, if she'd marry me. It's rather sudden, but then. If at first you don't succeed — (*Aloud.*) Madam — Mrs. Taylor — in fact, Charlotte — ahem, ah. (MRS. T. *is turned away*). Do you believe that true happiness and domestic tranquillity can be found in any state? (MRS. T. *turns suddenly*, JOHN *starts back*. *Aside.*) I must filibuster. (*Aloud.*) Ahem, any state?

MRS. TAYLOR (*interrupting*). Oh, don't talk politics to-day!

HON. JOHN. I — I won't, of course not. (*Aside.*) It isn't politic to talk politics. (MRS. T. *turns away*. *Aloud.*) I mean, don't you believe in the union?

MRS. TAYLOR (*turning sharply*). Of course I do. Do you take me for a Klu Klux?

HON. JOHN. No, no, not for a Klu Klux, but I'd like to take you for — for — (*Aside.*) I must get into some sort of talk I'm more familiar with. (*Aloud.*) Charlotte, suppose we are in executive session, ahem, — executive session, and I nominate you as minister of the interior in the Buncombe mansion. What do you say?

MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, but John, — we're not a committee of the whole.

HON. JOHN. Why not?

MRS. TAYLOR. Our children. We may not get their votes for such a measure.

HON. JOHN. Oh, bother the children!

MRS. TAYLOR. I think it would.

HON. JOHN. I tell you what we can do. If they go against us, we will throw out the returns. Now then, all those in favor of this nomination will say aye.

MRS. TAYLOR. But I —

HON. JOHN. The ayes have it. (*Embraces her.*)

MRS. TAYLOR. O John! Give us a fair count! (*Enter from alcove hastily FRANK, he has on black pants and vest and short light sack coat.*)

FRANK. O Jupiter!

HON. JOHN (*confused*). Ah, ahem, ah, Frank. (*With*

dignity.) How do you do, sir? (*Advances to shake hands.* How do you do?)

FRANK (*aside*). There's a coat. I'll have it. (*Coldly drawing back.*) What does this mean, sir?

HON. JOHN. Mean sir?

FRANK. Yes, sir. Mean, sir! How dare you, sir, on this day of all others, sir?

MRS. TAYLOR (*beginning to cry.*) There, I told you the children wouldn't have it.

HON. JOHN (*angry*). Sir! Sir! Do you dare to talk to me in this way?

FRANK. Yes, sir, I have all the courage of the what's-his-name, lion, sir. You know better,—you are old enough to know better.

HON. JOHN. Boy! Boy! Do you think to bulldose me?

FRANK. Oh, come now, that won't do. It must be stopped. It's contrary to precedent, sir,—contrary to all laws of good breeding. It's contrary to the law of my class, sir.

HON. JOHN. What have I to do with the law of your class? Can't I select—

FRANK. No sir, you can't select. You shall not disgrace me.

MRS. TAYLOR. Let me tell you, young gentleman, that your father does not disgrace you. His age should entitle him to your respect.

HON. JOHN. Don't be too particular about my age Mrs. T.

FRANK. You don't know anything about it, madam. The affair don't concern you any way.

MRS. TAYLOR. Don't concern me? Well, I must say—

FRANK. No! It don't concern you. And I will not have my father made the laughing stock of Cambridge by—

HON. JOHN (*interrupts.*) Silence, sir!!

FRANK (*shouting*). By wearing a dress coat on class day sir!!!

HON. JOHN (*surprised*). What?

FRANK. Wearing a dress coat to-day. Only seniors are allowed to do that.

MRS. TAYLOR. Only that?

HON. JOHN. Is that all?

FRANK. That all? That's quite enough. Take it off, sir. Take it off.

HON. JOHN. But— Let me investigate.

FRANK. No hesitation, sir;—off with it. I'll not be responsible for the consequences, if you are found "with customary suit of solemn black, and all the trappings and habiliments" of—class day. Now, then.

HON. JOHN (*taking off coat*). Well, really.

FRANK (*takes off his own*). That's right, sir. Now put on this, sir.

HON. JOHN. But, Frank,—

FRANK. For shame, sir! Would you remain in the presence of a lady in your shirt sleeves? (*Helping him on with the coat, which is very short.*) I never imagined a politician would make so much trouble about changing his coat. There, sir; fits you like a book. (*Puts on dress-coat.*)

HON. JOHN. Book? Well, it's not exactly a "handy volume." Why, I declare, it has no ends (*feeling for tails*).

FRANK (*a la Woolsey*). "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's!" Ha! ha! Good-by, dad; I'm off. Madam, *au revoir*. (*Exit.*)

HON. JOHN (*calling after him*). Here, Frank! come back! Well, this is pleasant.

MRS. TAYLOR. Never mind, John. This isn't so bad as what we thought.

HON. JOHN. Yes; I did think he was going to try to defeat the committee on domestic affairs.

MRS. TAYLOR. You see the coat fitted us exactly.

HON. JOHN (*surveying himself*). The coat fitted us? Well, Mrs. T., I do not know what your idea is of the proper relation of the outward garment to the human form divine; but it strikes me that I am somewhat transmogrified. I feel like the insignificant and wriggling pollywog,—suddenly awakened to the glory of frogship, with a painful consciousness of legs, and a lingering fondness for the departed caudal appendage. It is a change, ma'am, as I may say with the poet, "from grave to gay; from swallow-tail to bob."

MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, never mind the caudal appendage! Perhaps, when you begin to receive curtain lectures from me, you won't care so much for Caudal appendages.

HON. JOHN. Ha, ha! very good for you, Mrs. Caudal,—I mean Mrs. Taylor. But it really is annoying. Talk of bringing one's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Why, here I am, actually buried alive in a bob-tailed coat!

MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, you are too sensitive! I must go

and see what has become of my daughter; you will not let me go alone?

HON. JOHN (*protesting*). Why, really, — I —

MRS. TAYLOR. Thank you. (*Takes his arm, rather against his will.*) It is rather nice to have a manly arm to lean on.

HON. JOHN (*mollified*). O Charlotte! Do you think so? (*As they exeunt, HOWARD, entering hastily, caroms on HON. JOHN, who cries out.*) Oh!

HOWARD. Look out (*calling*) FRANK! (*runs to door*)! Beg pardon! (*Shouts.*) Beg pardon! (*Comes back.*) This is most extraordinary. Frank nowhere to be found! What an item for the papers! Mysterious disappearance of a class-marshal! — great excitement at Harvard! What will Miss Taylor do? By the way, I hope she brings her friend with her to-day. I saw her at the theatre last night. Isn't she a stunner! Oh, I'm clean gone there!

(*Enter FRANK, LOTTIE, NED, and OLIVE.*)

NED (*laughing*). Well, that was the best joke I've heard this year. I can see you in there now, and the poco going off with your suit.

FRANK (*savage*). Oh, yes, it was funny, — frightfully funny!

LOTTIE. I'm so sorry, Mr. Buncombe!

OLIVE. So am I. It must have been hard to part your hair in that dark place.

FRANK. Rather. Parting was such sweet sorrow! Ah, Howard! How de do! (*Introducing.*) Miss Hale, Mr. Howard. Miss Taylor, I think you know. (*The ladies bow distantly.*)

HOWARD. Am most happy to meet you, ladies. (*They turn away.*)

NED. By the way, Lottie, where is mother?

LOTTIE. She was to meet us in your room; she's not there.

FRANK. But she was here, when I left; let me go and find her. For you, Miss Lottie, like what's-his-name, I'd "put a girdle round the earth in twenty minutes."

LOTTIE. If you will be so kind. (*FRANK exit.*)

HOWARD. How have you enjoyed yourself to-day, Miss Hale?

OLIVE (*coldly*). Passably.

HOWARD. Been getting a peep at the inside of college life?

LOTTIE (*with meaning*). I most certainly think we have.

HOWARD (*aside*). What's the matter with these girls? An iceberg is positively sizzling compared to them. (*Aloud.*) It's very warm, isn't it?

OLIVE. Well, every thing goes by comparison. It's not quite so warm—as the place a certain gentleman requested us to visit.

HOWARD (*aside*). What does she mean?

LOTTIE. I should like a glass of water, Ned.

HOWARD. Let me get it. (*Exit.*)

LOTTIE. Ned, how dare you present us to such a person as that?

NED. Such a person as that! What do you mean?

OLIVE. He's no gentleman!

NED. Howard, no gentleman? Why, you are crazy! He's one of the best fellows in the world!

LOTTIE. Well, the best fellow in the world told us to go to the—(*pointing down.*)

OLIVE. Yes, he did,—the entire length of the expression. (*Enter HOWARD with water.*)

NED. What do you mean by insulting these ladies?

HOWARD (*astounded*). What!!!

NED. I ask you what you mean by insulting these ladies?

HOWARD. Come, Ned, don't chaff about such things; I don't like it.

OLIVE. He's quite in earnest.

LOTTIE (*sarcastic*). Perhaps Mr. Howard's breeding is such that he sees no impropriety in telling us to—to—

NED. Go to the devil!

OLIVE. Yes, sir,—go to the devil!

LOTTIE. Yes, sir,—go to the devil!

HOWARD (*angry*). Oh, very well! (*Exit.*)

NED. Now, girls, what's the meaning of this?

LOTTIE. Why, we sent him a telegram from here just for fun; and he sent back that answer.

OLIVE. I think he's horrid!

NED. Oh, there's some mistake; he hasn't been in his room since eight o'clock, I know.

LOTTIE. Oh, do run after him, and bring him back!

OLIVE. There! another blunder of yours.

LOTTIE. It was as much yours as mine. Do go, Ned!

NED. I'm off. (*Exit.*)

OLIVE. You'll have to apologize.

LOTTIE. So will you. What a lot of blunders we have made. Well, we can't make any more — that's one comfort! (*They go to back R. and sit.*)

(*Enter HON. JOHN, mopping face with handkerchief.*)

HON. JOHN. Nice time I've had of it! No sooner had I left Mrs. Taylor, than I got into a crowd of young fellows, who all began to sing, "I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag!" One of them slapped me on the back, and addressed me as old horse; and, when I rebuked him for his disrespect, told me not to lose my equineimity. I do hate puns! Another fellow asked me who stole the donkey, — as if a congressman knew any thing about donkeys! Perhaps he thought I was from Indiana, and was interested in Hewitt's mules. I really think they meditated an assault; for I heard one of them say "Shoot the coat"! I ran for dear life. But, just as I was coming up the stairs, one young gentleman addressed me as "Governor." Aha! that shows that even absurdity of dress cannot disguise the statesman (*turning. — seeing girls*). Ah, young ladies, good-morning, — good-morning!

LOTTIE (*to OLIVE*). It's another confidence man.

OLIVE. We haven't any clothes for you, old man!

LOTTIE. No, we can't be fooled twice in one day, — No clothes.

HON. JOHN. Clothes? I don't want any clothes (*feeling coat*). That is, I don't come here for 'em. I am Buncombe.

LOTTIE. So I see. Buncombe won't do for us!

HON. JOHN. Won't it? This is my son's room, I believe.

OLIVE. Oh, he is a confidence man! I wish Ned would come.

LOTTIE. See here, old man, you might as well go! Do you hear? Two's company, you know.

HON. JOHN. Shades of Horace Greeley! My son strips my coat from my back, and here are two untamed females actually turning me out of the room I've paid for, for four years! I tell you I am the Honorable John Buncombe!

BOTH. Ha! ha! ha!

(*Enter NED and HOWARD.*)

LOTTIE (*to HOWARD*). We wish to apologize for our rudeness. It was all a mistake.

HON. JOHN (*thinking he is meant*). Then I forgive you. The heart which cherishes resentment against the young and lovely—

NED. Who's he?

LOTTIE. He says he's the Hon. John Buncombe.

HOWARD (*going to him, offering hand*). Buncombe. How are you? Shake.

HON. JOHN (*dignified*). How do you do, sir?

OLIVE (*alarmed*). Oh, dear! is it really he?

HOWARD (*aside*). 'Sh— Humor him, and we'll have some sport. (*Aloud to HON. JOHN.*) We have heard of you, sir, for years. Your fame is bounded by no narrow limits. Would it be asking too much to request you to address us on this occasion?

HON. JOHN (*flattered*). Well,—now, really—

NED. Please honor us. We may never again have a chance to hear a Buncombe.

HON. JOHN. Ahem! Every man should embrace his opportunity.

HOWARD (*to Olive*). Oh that you were an opportunity!

NED. Now, then, sir, mount the rostrum (*conducting him to the table*).

HON. JOHN (*hesitating*). But isn't it rather high?

LOTTIE. Poor man! It's a shame. (HON. JOHN *mounts table with difficulty, NED and HOWARD assisting.*)

NED. Now, sir, flap your wings,—I mean the wings of the American Eagle,—and go ahead. (NED and OLIVE *are in front of table, HOWARD and LOTTIE in rear.*)

HON. JOHN (*raises hand for gesture*). Ahem. Fellow—

HOWARD (*interrupting*). Pull down your vest now.

(HON. JOHN *pulls at his vest. All laugh.* HON. JOHN *raises hand for gesture. Faces front.*)

HOWARD and LOTTIE (*shout*). Hear! Hear! (HON. JOHN *turns to rear. Raises arm again.*)

NED and OLIVE. Hear! Hear! (HON. JOHN *turns as before.*)

HOWARD and LOTTIE. Hear! Hear! (HON. JOHN *turns.*)

NED and OLIVE. Hear! Hear!

HON. JOHN (*turning*). Well, young people, do you think I am a weathercock?

NED. A politician usually is.

HON. JOHN. Young man, you are mistaken! (*All applauding. All front.*) Splendid! Go on.

HON. JOHN. That isn't the speech. (*All applaud vehemently.*)

HON. JOHN. Confound it! Will you let me begin? Ahem. "There are tides in the affairs of men"—

NED. Oh, pshaw! That's Shakespeare! Give us something original.

HON. JOHN (*angry*). Oh, damn it!!

HOWARD. That isn't original, either. I have heard it before often.

HON. JOHN (*continues*). College life is a tide in your affairs which is to be taken at the flood—

LOTTIE (*interrupting*). The flood? Seems to me he's going pretty far back.

OLIVE. Yes, old gentleman, do begin this side of the deluge.

HON. JOHN. I say. Ahem. At some future time, the voice of conscience will ask—will ask— (*Enter FRANK and MRS. TAYLOR.*)

FRANK. Dad, what are you doing?

OLIVE (*aside*). It really is his father. Oh, what shall we do?

HOWARD (*with warning gesture*). O Frank! Your father was about to give us his ideas on class-day. He thinks there never was any thing so enjoyable.

MRS. TAYLOR. I believe you have been playing some game. (*To HON. JOHN.*) You are ridiculous, sir!

HON. JOHN. Oh, say not so! Fair, fair Mrs. T.—

FRANK. Say, come down out o'that, dad,—“down to the vile dust from whence you sprung.” Here. (*HON. JOHN gets down.*) Which of you fellows will lend me a decent coat for dad? I had to drive him out of his.

HOWARD and NED (*together*). I will.

FRANK. Come along then, and get it. We'll take the one that fits best. (*Exeunt all males.*)

MRS. TAYLOR. What were you about, girls?

LOTTIE. Oh, it was such fun! We got him up to make a speech. He never dreamed we were chaffing him. Oh, it was too funny! Here, I'll show you. (*Puts chair near table; mounts table.* MRS. TAYLOR takes the chair, and sits near OLIVE at L., so LOTTIE is back to door. LOTTIE burlesques.) There is a tide in the affairs of men. (*Enter males.* NED makes gesture to OLIVE to keep quiet.) Which taken at the flood, leads—

MALES (*behind*). Hear! Hear!

LOTTIE (*screams*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

ALL. Hear! Hear! (HOWARD *crosses to OLIVE*.)

LOTTIE. Take me down! Take me down!

MRS. TAYLOR. I think the best way to take you down is to let you stay up.

NED. I say, Lottie, what are you up for?

LOTTIE. Up for all day, unless you let me down.

FRANK. Brace up, Lottie!

OLIVE. Jump.

LOTTIE. I can't. I shall fall! (*Whimpering*.) Please take me down, Ned, do.

NED. Not if I know it.

LOTTIE. Wont you, Mr. Buncombe?

HON. JOHN. Ahem. Well, if your mother —

LOTTIE. I didn't mean you. I meant Mr. Frank. Will you catch me? (*Prepares to jump*.)

FRANK. Oh, but I'm such a muff, you know! and a muff can't catch any thing. Never mind, I'll try. (*She jumps into his arms*.) "Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer." (*Crosses back*.)

HON. JOHN. Well, if this is a specimen of class-day, I should be glad they only came once in a life time.

HOWARD (*to OLIVE*). Should you, Miss Hale?

OLIVE. Oh, I don't know. I haven't seen enough yet.

FRANK (*comes forward, to LOTTIE*). Oh, never mind, everybody must know it sometime, why not now?

LOTTIE. Oh, but Frank, it's so public.

FRANK. Mrs. Taylor. I have long worshipped an idol.

NED (*stands back of MRS. T's chair*). Send for a missionary. Worshipping an idol, is idle worship.

HON. JOHN (*severely*). Young man. They hang people for that on the Mississippi.

FRANK (*continues*). The idol has consented to refer to the powers above. Would that I had my father's gift of gab, but "I am no orator as" Buncombe is. — In short, Lottie wants to marry me.

LOTTIE. Frank!!

FRANK. Well, dont you?

LOTTIE. But that is not the way to put it.

FRANK (*to MRS. T.*). We wish a union between the houses of Taylor & Buncombe.

HON. JOHN. Then—ahem.—Your wish shall be gratified. Mrs. Taylor and I have already arranged it.

LOTTIE. Oh thank you, dear mamma.

MRS. TAYLOR. Yes, I have accepted Mr. Buncombe's offer, and we have once more, a head to our family.

FRANK. When may we be married?

HON. JOHN. You be married? We are the ones to be married?

FRANK. LOTTIE. NED. What!!

MRS. TAYLOR. And I'm so glad you like it.

FRANK. LOTTIE. NED. But we don't.

FRANK. It shall not be.

LOTTIE. It can not be.

NED. It must not be.

HON. JOHN. Who is doing this marrying, anyhow?

FRANK. I say, we'll compromise.

MRS. TAYLOR. How?

FRANK. We'll both marry, or else I'll set up a rival house.

MRS. TAYLOR. I don't care, as long as I have the governor.

NED. But what's to become of me?

HON. JOHN. Oh, I'll have you appointed Secretary of Legation to England.

NED. Thanks! But I never gamble.

HOWARD (*to OLIVE*). Miss Hale, you and I seem the only ones entirely counted out here.

OLIVE. Well, we have only to devote ourselves still further to Class-day; I'm sure I've enjoyed it:—Have you (*to others*)?

FRANK, NED, LOTTIE, MRS. TAYLOR. Oh, very much.

HON. JOHN [*x to front.*] (*Raises arm for gesture*). [*All*]. Hear! Hear!

HON. JOHN. (*As before. FRANK passing him back*). Hold on, dad, I know what you are going to say. That it is time we were going to the spreads, for we are mortal hungry, but I have one more question to pop. Is there any one else here that has enjoyed our Class-day? (*Some one applauds vehemently*). Thank you, young man, come right around to our spread.

Good night dear friends, our little play is done,
Its purpose served when your applause is won.

CURTAIN.

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